

## Sonnet to an Acorn

What raging axe has made the oak tree fall?  
How long before its echo disappears,  
The image that is not dissolved by tears?  
How long before another grows as tall?  
How many seasons must its massive weight  
And all the fuel and lumber at its core  
Lie rotting useless on the forest floor,  
A monument to bigotry and hate?  
What suffering must spread from these attacks,  
When all of Man's ingenious means are bent  
Upon revenge, with little effort spent  
To loose the grip of hate upon the axe?  
There is a chance to put an end to war  
The likes of which has never come before.

George Stetten  
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